

The Saturday News

Vol. III

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No. 22

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Department of the Interior has been doing excellent work of late in making better known the possibilities of the country which lies to the north and northwest of Edmonton and is generally named after the great river, the Peace, the equal of the Missouri, which drains it. An apostle for this, "the real Northwest" of Canada, has been found in the superintendent of railway lands, Mr. R. E. Young, who recently issued a most fascinating volume entitled "Canada's Fertile Northland" and who has now prepared a map, which brings out in a striking way some very important facts. He takes the Russian province of Tobolsk and places it on the map of America in a position similar, in respect of latitude, to that which it occupies on the map of Asia.

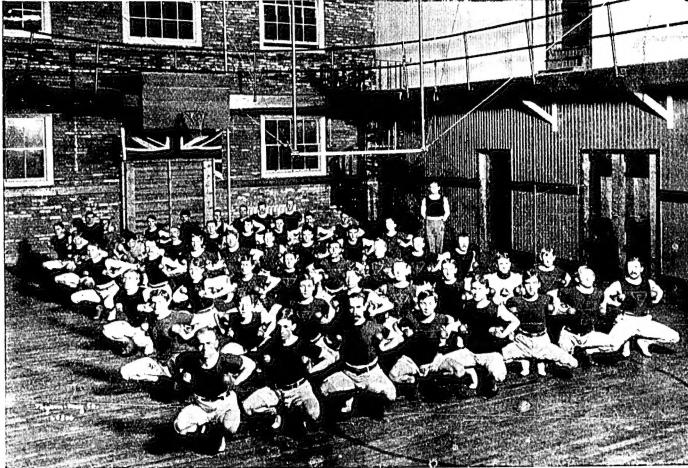
Looking at this superimposed province of Tobolsk, we find that while its extreme southwest corner comes down fifty miles south of Prince Albert, its main southern boundary runs in a line east and west, a hundred miles north of Edmonton and three hundred miles to the west of this city. We find Omsk, a city of 37,470 population, situated one hundred miles northeast of Edmonton, and Tiumen, a city of 29,588 population, about three hundred and fifty miles northwest. Other cities are Tobolsk, with 22,752 population, which is almost exactly in the latitude of Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay, Kurgan, with a population of 10,579, Tura with 7,230, and Isechin with 7,160, and there are a number of smaller towns, of which it will suffice here to name Jilutowsk, population 3,450; Turinsk 2,940; Surgut, 1,120 and Berezov, 1,622, the latter being, in its superimposed position not far from the Hudson's Bay company's post, Fort Simpson, and Surgut, near the western end of Great Slave lake, over 650 miles northeast of Edmonton.

The province of Tobolsk has been developed until it supports a population of 1,438,484 as shown by the census of 1900. In that year it yielded in wheat 6,480,000 bushels; rye, 3,130,358 bushels; barley, 972,916 bushels, and oats, 10,017,823 bushels. And it must not be forgotten that the development of Russia in Asia has taken place in but very recent times and that it is generally regarded as having only commenced. What has been and will be accomplished in Asia should be much more than rivalled in the same latitudes in America. There is no reason for doubting that the resources of our northland are equal to those of Russia, while we have much in Canada, in the way of political freedom and enlightenment, to attract population and capital, that Russia could never, under present conditions, hope to secure.

A study of Mr. Young's map will certainly serve to confirm the oft expressed opinion that in the years to come, Edmonton, instead of having the reputation that has clung to her for so many years, of being the jumping-off place of the civilized world, will be the very centre of the Canadian west, which cannot fail to be the richest and most populous part of the Dominion.

Another man, not occupying an official position, who is doing good work in this connection is Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the eminent naturalist. In a recent issue of Canada West he sets forth some observations resulting from the trip which he took last year to Edmonton's hinterland. The soil and climate of the vast stretch of territory comprehended under the name of the Peace River country he declares to be analogous to Manitoba's. He places the limit of wheat-growing at a point somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Providence, which it should be noted, is almost as far to the northwest of Edmonton as

What Edmonton is Doing for its Young Citizens



One of the classes in progress in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium

Winnipeg is to the southeast, Bishop Breynat, however, who has spent a large part of his life in the country thinks that Mr. Thompson-Seton is too conservative in fixing this limit. Oats, barley and potatoes grow much further north. Potatoes are success at Fort Good Hope, over five hundred miles from Fort Providence, travelling in a straight line. Another factor to consider in connection with the development of this country is the progress of experimental agriculture, by which harder kinds of wheat are evolved, requiring shorter seasons in which to ripen, while at the same time harder breeds of cattle, suited to northern ranges, are being obtained.

Discussing the question of climate, Mr. Thompson-Seton offers some interesting observations:

"This great new province," he writes, "is abundantly supplied with minerals, water, timber, wild fruit, fish, fur and game. It is, moreover, white man's climate, one of the most salubrious in the world and all that its detractors can say is it is too far north and it is too cold. Which of us, they ask, would be willing to settle in a country, a land that has admittedly four months of hard winter?

"One may be sure of this: that no settler will readily leave a warm sunny climate to go to a cold and frosty one. I do not expect that any Ontarian will cheerfully go to dwell in these northern climes. If a Floridian goes to live in Ontario, he thinks he is in a polar region and suffers. So an Ontarian coming to Manitoba or Alberta thinks he is far enough north, and any farther would be too cold; but after a generation born to the region their lives are adapted and each thinks his own surroundings not only normal but the best. I knew of a number of Ontarians that tried Manitoba for three or four years, then decided that it was too cold and went off to Southern California, but they all came back, largely from the influence of the children who thought then, and still think, that the Manitoba climate is just right.

"We do not indeed expect Manitobans to find paradise at the limit of trees, but there are in Europe thousands of Fins and Scandinavians, white men, that are familiar with a similar climate. They know the best ways of life for it; they have their summer way—and their winter way they know already how to be happy and prosperous under just such conditions and can teach other settlers the same lesson. They would indeed find in the virgin

possibilities of our new northwest the land of the new hope they have so long dreamed of. How gladly they would come if only the way were opened."

In concluding his article, Mr. Thompson-Seton quotes from a lecture delivered nearly a quarter of a century ago after by Henry Ward Beecher, after visiting Western Canada: "You note the class of men going in there, that means brains; you see those endless grainlands, they mean wealth; you mark those long winter evenings, these mean time to think. Tell you there are great things coming out of the Canadian Northwest. Keep your eye on Winnipeg."

If the great preacher and publicist were alive today and could make a trip in this direction, it is safe to say that the city, whose name he would mention in connection with his prophecy, would be that which stands in the same relation to the vast and undeveloped country beyond it, as Winnipeg did twenty-five years ago to the territory south of the Saskatchewan.

The writer of the column entitled "Through a Monocle" in the Canadian Courier makes an excellent suggestion in a recent issue:

"There ought to be enough independent men in each constituency," he says, "to punish the party which

insults the voters by naming a candidate who is not of the best.

It is very seldom in our politics that a party which is not of the best, but the best, knew of a number of Ontarians that tried Manitoba for three or four years, then decided that it was too cold and went off to Southern California, but they all came back, largely from the influence of the children who thought then, and still think, that the Manitoba climate is just right.

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It is of a candidate counts for more than most party managers think. In very few Canadian elections is the issue between the two parties clear-cut. That being the case, the independent element, on whom the result depends, are more apt to consider the man they are voting for than the party which he represents.

Mr. Roosevelt's language does not lose any vigor as the close of his term of office approaches. In his last message to Congress, after addressing once again the "undesirable citizen" of the anarchist class, he said:

"But his counterpart in evil is to be found in that particular kind of multi-millionaire who is almost the least enviable, and is certainly one of the least admirable of all our citizens—a man of whom it has been well said that his face has grown hard and cruel, while his son is a fool, and whose daughter a foreigner."

Times, which is certainly no rabid free trade, sums the situation up very admirably, when it says that "the eternal question of free trade played a comparatively small part in this particular election, one which has proved a demonstration against strenuous legislation in a country accustomed to the slow and the sure."

The truth is that, while it is a pity that this closely approaches the "odiferousness" of a personal remark, but if such lashing serves to awaken American men of wealth to a sense of their responsibility, it will serve a most useful public purpose.

Mr. Winston Churchill was elected member for Dundee by a substantial majority of nearly 3000, after being rejected on appealing to his old constituents in Northwest Manchester.

It is true that the former Dundee member's majority was over 5000, but it must not be forgotten that he was a strong local candidate, who had held the seat for many years, and that a reduction in that figure was inevitable.

The fact is that at Peckham and Manchester, the opponents of the Government believed that, with a strong candidate, they had a chance to defeat Mr. Churchill. So the Liberal leaders are not likely to be dissatisfied with the result. The partisans of the cause of protection who control the news service supplied to Canadians, however, end their despatch on the election as follows:

"Winston Churchill's greatly reduced plurality at Dundee is regarded as absolute evidence of the increasing popular dissatisfaction with the Liberal government and the early return of the Unionists to power is confidently predicted. Free Traders declare that Premier Asquith has hopelessly mortgaged their cause to Socialism and rendered a

circumstances, he should have eluded the authorities for so long is surprising.

The address of Mr. E. G. Palmer before the Edmonton Board of Trade this week called attention to an important subject in a very striking way. Mr. Palmer, having been engaged in the business of exporting packed meats for many years, knows what he is talking about. He is at present engaged in farming operations in the vicinity of Edmonton and thus had opportunity of studying local conditions. As well, Canada, he pointed out, was the only colony which could supply Britain with chilled meats. As they had to pass through the tropics on the way from Australia, they had to be frozen hard before leaving that country. Today the trade is almost wholly in the hands of the Chicago packers and he sees no reason why it should not come to the Dominion. Mr. Palmer has done well to call attention to the subject. He has already addressed several branches of the Farmers' Association and has impressed all the members of that body with the possibilities that are open to Alberta in connection with the trade. Looking at the question from other than the material standpoint, it will be a welcome change when the meat export business is conducted on this basis. The present system, with the long, cruel journey that the cattle have to undergo before reaching their destination, is an abomination from what ever side you look at it.

The announcement made that next week Mr. W. C. McMillan of the seed grain branch of the Dominion department of agriculture and Mr. H. A. Craig of the provincial department, will leave for the Peace River country to deliver lectures on the scientific side of agriculture will prove of historic importance. It means that even with the means of communication bad as they are at present, that great district is already of sufficient importance in the world of agriculture to warrant attention being given to it. Incidentally, Messrs. McMillan and Craig will probably be able to secure some information regarding the territory that they visit which will further stimulate settlement.

The post office department has decided to grant a one cent drop letter rate to cities having postal delivery. This will be welcome news to the people of Edmonton, who have hardly become reconciled as yet to the two cent rate. The loss of the old rate meant that a city paid rather heavily for its delivery service and the new move is a fair one.

Mr. Aylesworth's election bill has caused a terrible hubbub at Ottawa and throughout the country and the person who confuses his reading to the Winnipeg Telegram, the Edmonton Journal and the Strathcona Chronicle has reason to be alarmed. Read these soul-stirring paragraphs from the Journal:

"British Columbia and Manitoba are to be sacrificed to the machine that has played so conspicuous a part in the eastern province, in Ontario and in the West, ever since Laurier came into office. Because they had the independence to elect Conservative governments to power, the people of British Columbia and Manitoba are to be whipped to the ring-bolt and taught to dance attendance to the monopolistic interests which hold the government of this country by the throat.

"It will be a prolonged struggle; but in the end the corporate interests the plunderers of our public domains will triumph and the leeches turned loose upon the masses.

Manitoba and British Columbia are being shackled with the most despotic and biased piece of legislation enacted in the parliament of Canada. Will the people stand for it? Will the coast provinces be driven into open revolt?

(Continued on page 4)

As a matter of fact, the personal-

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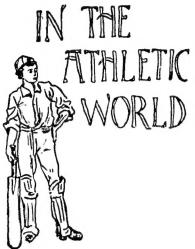
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The London Daily Mail presents these sketches of four great golfers. In the course of our sketching with the pressies in the works of Caesar and Livy, we used to read that the warriors of those days had a habit of retiring into winter quarters. The great warriors of today—Braid, Vardon, Taylor, and Massey have followed their example and were hibernating for some time, but we have seen them again now for the big tournaments in the south of France.

"He has to get out their names in full, because there is now no expression to cover them all. There used to be the 'triumvirate,' and then

some one called Herd the 'fourth party.' Now Massey, the great French golfer, has proven himself the equal of these masters, and has been called the 'fifth member' of the best suggestion emanating from Mr. Croome, who happily called them all the 'quint major.'

There is hardly a course upon which Braid, Taylor, and Vardon have not astonished the natives. Hither and thither they dash about, the country breaking records, and setting up the golfing signals, which, when imitated with their feet upon their native heath, they might play the part of David to the Goliath of one of the triumvirate.

Massey has, of course, played far less in this country, and is comparatively unknown to British spectators. When he was making one of his rare dashes into桂城, over his impudent and magnificent proportions which were likened to those of some of the great leaders, shall we say the Duke of Wellington and General Rhodes? He is, big man enough, and it is easy to see the strength that sells the ball far. Each of the golfers can be a master of effort. For the matter of that, it is difficult for a man to be a great golfer nowadays without plenty of strength. The long game is now very long, and the length must be obtained without too much straining if it is to be abiding.

"For perfect, almost contemptuous ease of hitting, our new champion is, however, Braid. He is quick, never saying that one may see Massey in the distance and be unable to tell whether he is making a full drive or taking a preliminary swing at a daisy. Another simile applied to his driving is that of a drop kick, and nothing could better convey the meaning of a full and half drop kick, with a slight fraction of a moment.

"For ease and pliancy of style, and of deportment throughout the game, Vardon also stands pre-eminent. No more serene, untroubled player ever existed. Nothing has ever disturbed his equanimity. In last year's open championship, he made a pass at the ball, and his manner described how the situation became so desperate that Vardon took off his cap and threw it to the ground; if this was a symptom of any agitation on Vardon's part it is the only one on record. When he won, the open championship, he last round the last hole scarcely concurring, while the crowd pressed so close at times that there was hardly room to swing a club. Yet he won by no less than six strokes. What pluck and what ideal temperament!

Braid is another man with a grand driving action, and a man tempered in the Scottish phrase, a 'hard player.' With Vardon, the smoothness of his temper is reflected in the smoothness of his style; but there is a kind of concentrated fury in Braid's hitting of the ball which has some quality all his own.

He is so strong that he can hit a long ball without really letting him soft go at the ball. When he is trying for his longest stroke shots, the right knee comes through almost bent to the ground, and the corresponding bend of the left knee gives a glorious exaggeration of follow-through, a truly tremendous specimen.

To anyone wishing to study the moods and idiosyncrasies of the man rather than his golf, Braid is undoubtedly the most interesting of the four. He is the more highly strung, and it is easier to see what is passing through his mind. He has a way of shaking his head when he is in a bad way, and a slight convection which is always in evidence when things are not going smoothly. He is sometimes palpably nervous, and not therefore always the best of starters; but perhaps there is no one capable of quite so brilliant a finish as that of a wonderful contest, match between Taylor and Herd, at Mid-Surrey, in the professional golfers' tournament, some years ago. For the first holes Taylor was playing shots quite unlike

him; a thrill of surprise went through the crowd when he hit his first masterpiece off the shank. What a contrast was his finish! A beautiful check shot, within six or seven yards of the hole, and a very difficult putt holed, and the match was by that one hole. The highly strung temperament has its advantages."

A London letter says: "The Imperial cricket scheme is one of the biggest affairs in sport the world has ever seen and its benefits will be inestimable to the great English summer game. Mr. Abe Bailey, who is, by the way, a South African sportsman and a member of the team, has been most ingeniously satisfied with the progress and states that he looks on the 1900 triangular contests as an accomplished fact. The enthusiasm in South Africa on the subject is immense. Many people there who intended visiting England this year put off their visit until next year in order to be able to witness the greatest cricket tournament of all time."

An interesting discussion has been going on in the London Daily Mail as late as to whether Canada should be admitted to the Imperial cricket contest. One set of correspondents holds that no Imperial scheme should be adopted without representation from the largest colony, while others claim that the Dominion must first win its cricketing spurs, as Australia and South Africa have done. But it seems to me that the best way to bring the game in Canada would be for this country to take part in the contest. A team and a manager from Canada would not displease us and, I am certain, would be able to give the other competitors good games. The Canadians who have played against Australian and English teams that have visited America in the past have been able to make it interesting for the spectators who were usually organized in a hurry and almost wholly from the neighborhood of Toronto. If a team representative of the whole of Canada could be secured and have the proper period for practice together, we need have no fear for the showing that it would make. It is only that the small and somewhat unimportant others, but the enterprise would stimulate cricket in the Dominion that it would not be long, I venture to say, before a winning team could be secured. It would be doing a great Imperial service to send a Canadian eleven to England to meet the Motherland, Australia and South Africa.

At the Fort Saskatchewan Victoria days sport this year a new event on the programme is a road race from Edmonton to Fort Saskatchewan, finishing on the race track at the latter place, the distance being approximately 12 miles. The race is to be run by the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union this race will constitute the Olympic trial race for Alberta, the best man in the race earning the privilege of going to Toronto to compete there for the honor of representing Canada in the Olympic games in London. The road and half track to the highway to runnings in the Fort Saskatchewan road are valuable prizes, consisting of cup, value \$100, for winner, and gold medals, value \$25 and \$15, for second and third respectively.

Qualified competitors are requested to send in their names to R. G. Fraser, secretary Fort Saskatchewan sports committee.

The Alberta Amateur Lacrosse Association appears, for some reason or other, which is to be regretted in any case, to have developed into a Southern Alberta affair. The list of officers elected last week indicated that Paulson, of Lethbridge, was elected president, De Voyer, Lethbridge; President, Dr. Stanley, High River; 1st vice president, R. McEntee, Medicine Hat; 2nd vice president, J. Mosley, Calgary; sec-treas., B. Collison, Calgary; executive committee, A. Ripley, Lethbridge; A. McLean, Medicine Hat; W. McCay, Nanton; H. Gilchrist, High River; Judicial committee of appeal, M. S. McCarth, C. M. P., Calgary; W. A. Buchanan, Lethbridge and D. L. Durrich, Calgary.

The association refused to affiliate with the Alberta Amateur Athletic Association and accepted the offer of J. Mosley to donate a sum for competition in the intermediate series.

The senior series embraces teams from Medicine Hat, Lethbridge and Calgary. The schedule of games calls for season 1, open on Aug. 1 and closed Aug. 26. The schedule for intermediate teams already entered was drawn. The opening game will be on Aug. 9, High River at Nanton, and the finish on Aug. 28, Calgary, at High River.

Seventeen official referees were appointed, but with the exception of W. J. Powers of Edmonton, they are all from the south.

The meeting on Saturday at Calgary to organize an amateur athlete association for the province promises to be well attended. There is need for the greatest activity on the part of those who are anxious to preserve amateurism in the sport.

On Saturday of next week the King's Plate will be run in Toronto and many an old Ontario man will wish

himself back in the east for the great event. Mr. T. A. Woods, whose winning with Kevin was last year's sensation, is this year making an attempt with Wickett, now five years old, and a figure in other King's Plates, who formerly belonged to the Kirkfield stables. Last year he was just beaten by a pony for the plate. His foal, Wickett, Ed. Whyte, always insisted that Wickett was quite good enough to win a Plate in any year if he could be given to the post in his best condition. Various ailments have prevented that, but he has not caused any anxiety this season in the hands of Charlie Fair, who now has him in charge. Wickett is a full brother to the good performers, Ware In and War Whoos, is guaranteed that Wickett's breeding and family are nothing against him.

The Seagram stable has five entries, the Hendry three and the Pyatt two.

The Edmonton Cricket Club will hold its opening practice for the season at the Exhibition grounds on Saturday at two o'clock, when a large turnout is hoped for.

Wouldn't you open Eye-Opener.

(Vancouver Saturday Sunset).

A gentilman in Calgary sends me a tobacco flavored account of a certain function alleged to have been given at the residence of a bank manager in that city. My correspondent explains that, as the general Edwards, himself took part in the festivities he could not "blow back" his friends by publishing the account, as well as a really amusing illustration of the affair which a friend sends me in the Eye-Opener.

I have several reasons for not using the matter which my Calgary correspondent has gone to so much trouble to send me. The first is that I could not think of invading the field which Mr. Edwards has already monopolized in the Eye-Opener. The second is that the people in Vancouver, not educated to the standard of Calgary's high-spot morality, could not be expected to appreciate the humor of a mixed gathering assembling in a bank manager's house to hold high jinks in pyjamas and night gowns. Vancouver is a very young and irresponsible old community, and the festivities of the ladies and gentlemen that sunny Alberta city would meet with only uplifted eyebrows and dumb-show questioning.

It may be due to the climate that Vancouver people lack the appreciation which we have for the particularities of publication of such an article as sell like hot cakes here, as I am assured that even if the policy of this paper permitted it to publish such a story, its circulation would be largely affected in quite a different way. In that possibility I take no little pride, as it shows that the Saturday Sunset is being read by the great numbers of that section of the community it seeks to interest in its columns.

In this city the people seem to appreciate a paper they don't have to hide in their inside pockets when they buy it. They like to open up their paper in the street cars and read it in the safety and comfort of the house where the children may take a read at it. This is the class of readers the Saturday Sunset appreciates most, whose support it has been carefully cultivating, not, I am pleased to say, without success.

Bob Edwards, jolly dog that he is, prefers to enter to the men who like a story, who will buy his paper and chuckle over it in hotel bars, clubs and other places where men gather. He appears to be successful in reaching the class of readers he wants as the Saturday Sunset is those it prefers.

For all these reasons I must forego the opportunity of a scoop on my esteemed comrade, the Calgary Eye-Opener.

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FIRST and RICE STREETS. EDMONTON

Note and Comment

(Continued from page 1)

"Have a care. Loyal as they are, the blood that makes for British justice and British fair play courses long and deep. Will Manitoba stand for it? Will it lead to secession? Have a care. These are pectoral times in the history of Canada. The people are not to permit any government to ride roughshod over their necks."

Such language should only be used in extreme cases. If applied to any but the grossest acts of tyranny or corruption, it must lose force by reason of its violence. That it is not justified, any reasonable and unprejudiced person will admit, after carefully examining the bill in question and reading the debate upon it in the House of Commons. If an effort is being made to discriminate against Manitoba and British Columbia, which have Conservative governments, why are not the provinces of Ontario and New Brunswick, which also have Conservative governments, being treated in a similar manner? In Ontario alone there are five times the number of seats at stake that there are in Manitoba and British Columbia together. If the government wished to throttle the popular voice by taking the control of the franchise away from Conservative provincial administrations, why did it not include Ontario? Why should it resort to such tyranny, as the Journal desires, for the sake of the seventeen seats of Manitoba and British Columbia and make no effort to get its clutches on the eighty-four seats of Ontario? An examination of the bill and the reading of Mr. Aylesworth's speech makes the matter clear.

The franchise, it should be remembered, was an issue between the two parties for fifteen years. In 1885 the Conservative government took the control away from the provinces altogether. The Liberals fought this step tooth and nail and when they came into power, introduced legislation, by which the franchise was left again with the provinces. On that occasion, however, it was distinctly stated that if it appeared at any time that justice required a resumption of the control by the Dominion, that step should be taken.

What led to the present interference was a series of events in Manitoba. In all but the western provinces, the municipal assessment roll is taken as the basis of the voters' list. In Manitoba (and we presume in British Columbia, as well, though the system in that province has only come into the discussion indirectly) municipal lines are not followed, but registration districts within the various provincial constituencies are established. For Dominion purpose, in Manitoba there are ten constituencies; for provincial there are forty. But in no case is any Dominion constituency composed of exactly a certain number of provincial constituencies. Nor are there the municipal lines to serve as a guidance, as is the other provinces. The consequence in 1904 was that when the Dominion elections came on, it was found that the lists had to be all rearranged according to the Dominion ridings. The returning officers had to do this. They took the lists and redistributed the voters by marking out certain names and writing others in with red ink. We have yet to see it explained how an election could have taken place, if they had not adopted some such measure. But the Conservative attorney general of the province commenced prosecutions against them. These were ultimately dropped but we have had the talk about "the thin red line" ever since. The writer of this article took the trouble to read the evidence in those cases very carefully and he is convinced that a more unjust set of charges was never preferred against a body of Canadian citizens.

This was the situation in 1904. We have now another general election approaching. The government realizes that with conditions as they were in 1904, it would be impossible to induce anyone to act as returning officer in Manitoba. Hence it has introduced this legislation, to remedy the state of affairs that has just been described. Its character is succinctly explained by Mr. Aylesworth in the following:

"This bill accordingly proposes that immediately upon the issue of

a writ, or, if circumstances render it proper, before a writ issues, men shall be appointed who will act, subject to the orders of the county judges as to registration, and who will bear upon their responsibility as officers of the law and subject to an appeal to the county judges of the province, whose duty it will be to take the lists of voters and to distribute those voters according to the Dominion polls at which they are entitled to vote, and who, if they do their work conscientiously and honestly, will not be subject to subsequent attack in the courts by reason of the fact that there has been legislative authority for the work they have been called upon to do. Such legislation is, under the circumstances, I have tried to detail, my best effort in a manner which, and without such legislation, it would be impossible that elections for Dominion purposes could not after be carried out in Manitoba."

Where the injustice comes in, we altogether fail to see. The voters are protected by the right of appeal to county judges. The change that the province is being unfairly discriminated against will not hold water for a minute. Special legislation had to be introduced for the special circumstances prevailing in Manitoba, and if anyone has any fair arrangement to suggest, we have yet to hear of it.

Music and Drama

The Red Deer News says: "The members of the Choral Society and their friends who attended the music festival at Edmonton last week were well pleased at the reception they received, and we are satisfied with the decisions rendered. In several elections the Red Deer competitors came very close to our own, but the fact that they have contended, Mrs. Hall, soprano, and Mr. F. Hart, baritone, were best in their class, and it was not until the decision was given that it could possibly be told who won off the honors. The double quartette was very close, Edmonton musicians conceding to Red Deer in one of the pieces, but the result was decided in favor of the latter. However, we understand our musicians have confidence in their ability to carry off the honors next year, and have gained much by their visit north and will go in with renewed vigor for the contest next year."

This is the spirit which ensures the permanence of the festival, which is certain to do a very great deal for the cause of music in the province. The idea is prevalent in some quarters that some of the awards were made to those coming from outside points, so that others would be encouraged to enter from outside, and thus the festival would be a mistake. The judges had no idea where the homes of the various competitors were, and the award was made in each case solely upon the merits of the test.

One benefit to be derived from such a festival should be local spiritual interest. We see the community is apt to get into a rut. The same people appear at every concert that is held. The work of some is sufficiently good to keep the audiences from growing tired of them. With others this is not the case. A festival brings out new talent and opens up new fields. We have other wise been head of the majority of the prize winners last week were veritable "finds," and many an audience which has the pleasure of hearing them in the future, will have reason to be grateful to those behind the enterprise which was responsible for the discovery.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Howard Stinchbury, a musician who likes Edmonton owes much, the Ladies' Music Club rendered a delightful programme at the Separate School Hall on Tuesday evening. Both in strength and in quality, it was a credit to the club. The soloists in the chorus, singing songs, the last concert given by this organization. The most effective numbers were probably Handel's Largo and the weird "Song of the Chimes." The solo parts in the Flotow number were admirably taken by Miss McRae and Mrs. Pratt. As always on such occasions, Mrs. Jessie Woods, Keeley, soprano, and Miss Eva Wright, pianiste, were heard with much pleasure, while Miss Wetherald's recitations provided an admirable diversion. Miss Constance Buek's absence through illness was greatly regretted. Mrs. Audrey Fullerton was a very capable accompanist.

Work has been commenced on the building of a box and tab factory, to be operated by Messrs. W. A. Fife and W. J. Veale, along the right-of-way of the G.T.P. between Namao and Kinistino. From ten to twelve men will be employed at first.

A young Austrian, Charles Petrik, by name, while temporarily in the, drowned himself on Saturday afternoon, in the Saskatchewan River to the west of the Fraser yards.

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NEWS NOTES

The public works department of the provincial government have purchased lots 12 and 13 in block 67 in Strathcona from Dr. Collison for the erection of a local telephone exchange building. The site is immediately opposite the St. Paul's Methodist church. The new telephone building will be two story brick structure 22 x 67 feet, costing about \$10,000. The building will be finished by the middle or latter part of June.

An effort is being made to have J. J. Duggan run against Mayor Mills in the coming mayoralty election in Strathcona.

On Tuesday evening a Liberal meeting was addressed by Messrs. George McLeod, James McElroy and John Howey in the hall over the Caledonian store in Norwood.

Twenty-nine French-speaking immigrants arrived in Edmonton this week from the state of Michigan and proceeded to the Morinville district.

A bridge is being erected at Lesser Slave Lake across the narrowest between the lake proper and the arm, known as Buffalo Lake.

Edmonton now has on deposit the whole of the money derived from the recent sale of \$900,000 worth of debentures.

Plans are being prepared for the provincial asylum fund for the inmates to be erected at Ponoka at a cost of between \$150,000 and \$200,000. About 800 acres has been purchased for the institution.

Wm. Hutchings, of New Lumen, lost his house, stable and granaries by prairie fire on Sunday last. The loss includes three valuable horses. Over \$2,000 worth has been lost. The fire jumped the Sturgeon river, fully a hundred yards, at the foot of Newell and Burdett and A. Lewis at noon on Thursday. The settlers in this district fought the fire all Thursday night. Word has been received that a fire at Namao destroyed the premises owned by J. A. Carson, of Edmonton, and occupied by a C. H. Webber, a well known auctioneer. The origin is not known. It is supposed to have started from sparks from a chimney. Two granaries, drive shed, an implement house and cow shed and farming implement house and cow shed and farming implements were burned. The house and big stable were saved with the aid of neighbors. Wm. lost \$1,000 worth of grain, 30 tons of grain feed, and all his hay except one stack.

At Vegreville, with the wind blowing at the rate of 75 to 80 miles an hour, a prairie fire came up on Sunday from the southwest and swept everything before it. The whole town turned out, and by heroic work prevented any damage being done in the town. The Thompson Brothers' slaughter house, about two miles out, was destroyed.

The home of Adalard Major, a farmer residing fourteen miles from Athabasca Landing on Baptiste lake, was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday together with all the household utensils, and the large herd of cattle with their lives. The house caught fire from huge fires which have been raging in the vicinity of the Landing for some time.

The mayoralty election in Strathcona, made necessary by the removal of Mr. N. D. Mills, will take place on May 28.

In another column of this issue an advertisement appears calling for tenders for the new Edmonton court house building.

Mike Phillipuk, charged with the murder of Monti Lewis in the Crow's Nest Pass last November, was on trial yesterday before the jury. The trial for the Crown was considered very weak. The Crown proved that the accused was at the house a short time before the act was committed, and was not seen after till the arrest at Edmonton; that he had been in the employ of the coal company, but had gone away leaving considerable money to his credit with the company and in the Union Bank; that he had

rented a house the day before, but never moved into it; that at the time of the murder he had on a pair of pants like the ones found in his possession when arrested and that they had been well washed in cold water; that the accused had made many conflicting statements as to his whereabouts, all of which were untrue.

The Edmonton city authorities are in receipt of a communication from the law firm of Short, Cross and Biggar, solicitors to the property of their clients, Craig, Leeson and Galloper, on 21st street from Queen to Muskoka avenue. They claimed that their property was being rendered useless and suffering great damage by reason of the construction of the G.T.P. along 21st street. They accordingly asked for \$9,000, to be paid to the property, in lieu of compensation, from which sum they would turn the property in question over to the city. City Solicitor Bown has expressed the opinion that complainants have no grounds for action for damage against the city, but the G.T.P. authorities will be communicated with.

The annual Sunday School convention for the province is in progress at the First Presbyterian church, Edmonton, the end of this week.

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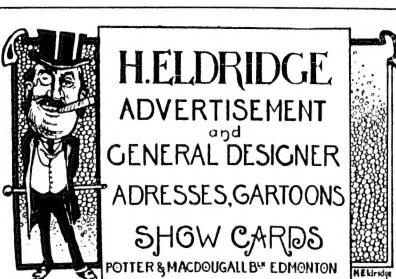
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A Washington Mystery

STORY OF THE UNSAFE SAFE AND \$50,000 IN GOLD

Jacques Futrelle, in *Chicago Record-Herald*

All the world's rul'd diplomatic el-bows in Washington. Outwardly it seems that a host of even the most stately statesmen, with the exception of the less illustrious, have even, and always exquisitely, albeit frigidity, courteous; but, beneath the still, shave surface strange currents play at cross purposes, intriguing is endless, and there is even known moreless rivalry. Economic, political, and social, the world over, and when it bursts the echo goes crashing round the earth. But the real conflict, savage as it is, is unceasing, goes merrily along, and the placid sea remains unruffled. No man may know all that happens; for then he would be diplomatic master of the world.

He has a drop of red blood in Washington's veins, remained a jesting legislative graveyard, once upon a time; but it's always frozen before it is part into circulation. Diplomatic negotiations are conducted in the drawing room; but long before that the fight is fought down cellar, and when they are got their gloves off, the world is to be told of the freshments. The same must meet at table, and there isn't any broken crockery; but you can always tell what the playthings of the dealer by the way he draws three cards. Everybody is after results; and lots of men of Europe sit up nights plotting their schemes, waiting for word from Washington.

So this is Washington! And there at dinner are the diplomatic representatives of all the nations. That is the British Ambassador, that stolid faced, distinguished looking, elderly man; and this is the French Ambassador, dapper, volatile, pleasure-seeking, here Rosy's, there the rosy-cheeked wench, huge blond beard, and yonder in the phlegmatic German Ambassador. Scattered round the table, brilliant splashes of color, are the uniformed envoys of the Orient—the smaller the country, the more brilliant the uniform. It is a State dinner to be followed by a State ball, and they all are present.

The Italian Ambassador, Count di Rosini, was trying to interpret an English bon mot into French for the benefit of the dainty, doll-like wife of the Chinese Minister (she was educated in Paris), when a servant, looking round and fain, sealed an envelope beside his plate. The Count glanced round at the servant, excused himself to Mrs. Quong Li Wi, and opened the envelope. Inside was a single sheet of Embassy note paper, and a terse line, signed by his secretary:

"A lady is waiting for you here. She says she must see you immediately on a matter of the greatest importance."

The Count read the note twice, with wrinkled brow, then scribbled on it in pencil:

"Impossible to-night. Tell her to call the Embassy tomorrow morning at half-past ten o'clock."

He added, however, handed it to the servant, and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Wi.

Half an hour later the same servant placed a second sealed envelope beside his plate. Recognizing the superscription, he impatiently showed it aside, intending to disregard it entirely. But he couldn't resist the temptation, and he opened it. A white card on which was written this peremptory command was his reward:

"You will come to the Embassy at once!"

There was no signature. The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman, and just as unmistakably strange to him. He frowned a little as he started at it wonderingly, then idly turned the card over. There was no name on the reverse side, only a crest. Evidently the Count recognized this; for his impulsive face reflected a certain surprise for a moment, followed by a look of considerate interest. Finally he rose, hurriedly made his apologies, and left the room. His automobile was at the door.

"To the Embassy!" he directed the chauffeur. And within five minutes he was there.

His secretary met him in the hall, waiting in his office, "I gave her your message, but she said she must see you, and would write you a line herself. I sent it."

"Quite correct," commented the Ambassador. "What name did she give?"

"None," was the reply. "She said she was necessary."

The Ambassador laid aside his hat and coat, and entered his office, with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. Standing before a window, gazing idly out into the light spanned night, was a woman in evening dress. She turned as he entered, and the two stood looking at each other, a pair of clear, blue-grey eyes, winsome and frank, yet with just a dash of coquetry in them. She was rather tall, and he would not have called her pretty; yet her smile, slight as it was, was singularly

charming, and there radiated from her a something of personality, perhaps that was a glint in her eyes. She bowed low, and moved to the door. "I am at your service, madam," he said in a tone of deep respect. "Please pardon my delay in coming to you."

"It is unfortunate that I didn't write the first note," she apologized graciously. "It would at least have saved a little time. You have the card?"

"He produced it silently, crumpled down, and handed it to her. She struck a match, lighted the card, and it crumpled up in her gloved hand. The last tiny scrap found refuge in a silver tray, where she watched it burn to ashes; then she turned to the Ambassador with a brilliant smile. He was still standing.

"The dinner isn't over yet," she inquired.

"No, madam; not for another hour, perhaps."

"Then there's no harm done," she went on lightly. "She paused to think a moment.

"The dinner is not of any consequence; but I must attend the ball afterward. You will arrange it for me?" It was a command.

"I don't know just how I shall proceed, madam," the Ambassador objected diffidently. "It would be unusual, difficult I may say, and—"

"That's a matter of no concern to me whatever," she interrupted merrily. "You will arrange it."

"Pardon me for suggesting it, madam," the Ambassador persisted meekly, "but anything out of courtesy, and the Ambassador objectified diffidently. "It would be unusual, difficult I may say, and—"

"She regarded him with a quizzical smile. "I'm afraid you don't know women, Count," she said slowly at last. "There's nothing dearer to a woman than a man who attaches attention to her!"

She attached a thin, silvery note to the card, and handed it to him, smiling. "And to-morrow," she said, "you will have less to do with me."

The Ambassador was respectfully silent, and deeply thoughtful for a time. There was, perhaps, something of resentment struggling within him, and certainly there was an uneasy feeling of rebellion at being unmercifully thrust forward.

He had been waiting for a reply, and at half past four I was on my way here. I have been here less than one hour. I came from Liverpool to attend this ball; and I even dressed on the train so there would be no delay. Now do you see what I mean?"

"It is absolutely necessary that you attend the ball tonight," he inquired finally.

There was no trace of impatience in the woman's manner; she was still smiling. "It is necessary," she said. "I sailed from Liverpool six weeks ago, and I must be back in time for the ball."

He half-rose, and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Wi.

Half an hour later the same servant placed a second sealed envelope beside his plate.

Recognizing the superscription, he impatiently showed it aside, intending to disregard it entirely. But he couldn't resist the temptation, and he opened it. A white card on which was written this peremptory command was his reward:

"You will come to the Embassy at once!"

The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman, and just as unmistakably strange to him. He frowned a little as he started at it wonderingly, then idly turned the card over.

There was no name on the reverse side, only a crest. Evidently the Count recognized this; for his impulsive face reflected a certain surprise for a moment, followed by a look of considerate interest.

Finally he rose, hurriedly made his apologies, and left the room. His automobile was at the door.

"To the Embassy!" he directed the chauffeur. And within five minutes he was there.

His secretary met him in the hall, waiting in his office, "I gave her your message, but she said she must see you, and would write you a line herself. I sent it."

"Quite correct," commented the Ambassador. "What name did she give?"

"None," was the reply. "She said she was necessary."

The Ambassador laid aside his hat and coat, and entered his office, with a slightly puzzled expression on his face. Standing before a window, gazing idly out into the light spanned night, was a woman in evening dress. She turned as he entered, and the two stood looking at each other, a pair of clear, blue-grey eyes, winsome and frank, yet with just a dash of coquetry in them. She was rather tall, and he would not have called her pretty; yet her smile, slight as it was, was singularly

"Thorne," she suggested at last. "That will do very nicely, don't you think?"

"Very nicely, Miss Thorne," and the Ambassador bowed again. "Please excuse me a moment, and I will give my secretary instructions how to proceed. There will be a delay of a few minutes."

He opened the door, and went out. For a minute or more Miss Thorne sat perfectly still, gazing at the blank wooden panels, then she rose, and went to the window again. In the distance haze in the soft light, she could see the Congress Library, and out there where the lights sparkled lay Pennsylvania Avenue, a thread of commerce. Miss Thorne saw it all, and suddenly burst into a secret smile. "I have been a bit surprised," she said, "but I am a bit surprised."

"It is unfortunate that I didn't write the first note," she apologized graciously. "It would at least have saved a little time. You have the card?"

"He produced it silently, crumpled down, and handed it to her. She struck a match, lighted the card, and it crumpled up in her gloved hand. The last tiny scrap found refuge in a silver tray, where she watched it burn to ashes; then she turned to the Ambassador with a brilliant smile. He was still standing.

"And so my Lady of Mystery came to Washington."

Just as it is one man's business to see to his affairs, so it is another man's business to see to his affairs. It was Campbell's business to know things. He was a sort of human card index, posted to the minute, and backed by all the tremendous resources of a nation. From the little office where he sat, day after day, radiating threads connected with the world, and, thus, he was enabled to keep himself well up on the diplomatic and departmental pulse of Washington. Perhaps he became ne'erest knowing everything that happened there than any other living man.

Person Campbell was not unlike a retired general who had shaken the last battle out of his soul, and settled back to enjoy a life of peaceful idleness. He was a bit beyond middle age, pleasant of face, of hair, and blessed with guileless blue eyes. His genius had no sparkle to it; it consisted solely of detail, and system, and indefatigability, coupled with a memory that was well nigh infallible. His brain was serene, and orderly as a cash register. One almost expected to hear it tick.

Campbell was sitting at his desk one morning, when the telephone bell jingled crisply. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello! This is Campbell of the Secret Service," came a query.

The voice was that of a man, evidently a foreigner, who slurred his I's into E's, and an ill-disguised note of excitement in it made it almost incoherently guttural.

"Yes, this is Mr. Campbell," replied the chief.

"Well, then, Senior Rodriguez, Minister from V.," the excited voice went on. "Can you send a trusted man to the Legation at once?"

"Yes," said Campbell, "immediately."

"It's a case of—." Rodriguez was going to explain.

"Don't say it over the telephone," interrupted Campbell quickly. "It isn't necessary, Mr. Grimm, from this office, will be with you in fifteen minutes."

"Can I trust him? He will not tell it to the newspapers? It must not be known!"

"You may accept my personal assurance, Mr. Grimm will not tell it to the newspapers, nor otherwise make it public," said Campbell, with a pleasant smile. And he hung up the receiver.

Answering the call of a buzz, Grimm removed his perfectly shot feed from his desk, and went into Campbell's office. Grimm was tall, well proportioned, and a bit above the average height, and distinctly good looking. He was rather fastidious in his attire, languid in manner, with listless, purposeless eyes, even a replica of a hundred other young men who sit idly in club windows along Fifth Avenue, looking up at the girls.

Campbell glanced round as he entered. "For several months past," the chief began, much as if continuing a former conversation, "the International Investment Company, through its representative, Mr. Cressey, has been secretly negotiating with Senior Rodriguez, Minister from V., for certain asphalt properties."

"And it won't be so difficult after all," said the man, the impure, and slightly languid.

"It will be a pleasure, madam," the Ambassador assured her gravely. "I shall take steps at once to have an invitation issued for you tonight; and tomorrow I shall be pleased to proceed as you may suggest."

She nodded. He folded the note, turned it in the envelope, and returned it to her. She drew her skirts about her, and sat down.

"It will be necessary for your name to appear on the invitation," the Ambassador went on to explain. "If you will give me your name, I'll have my secretary—"

"Oh, yes, my name," she interrupted again. "My Count, you know, I have no name. I can't be awkward."

"I understand perfectly, madam," remarked the Count. "I should have said a name."

She meditated a moment. "Well, say—say Miss Thorne—Miss Isabel

ties in V. Three days ago these secret negotiations were successfully concluded, and yesterday afternoon Mr. Cressey, in secret, paid to Senior Rodriguez fifty thousand dollars in American gold, the first four parts of similar sums. This gold was to have been shipped to Philadelphia by express today to catch a steamer for V."

Grimm nodded languidly.

"The fact that this gold was in Senior Rodriguez's possession could not have been known to more than half a dozen persons, as the negotiations through which it had been secret were—. I have been a bit surprised," she said, "but I am a bit surprised."

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THE YOUNGER

There is this censuring thought
about that Laporte, Indiana series
of crimes that the poor, deluded
chaps are probably much better off
under the daises of the Guinness
farm than they would have been if
they had succeeded in doing business
with a genuine matrimonial agency.

"At the present moment," says
the Hardisty Enterprise, "the term
'Northern Alberta' is applied to the
district around Hardisty and Edmonton."
The inference of course is
that the latter town is a flourishing

suburb of the former.

Ahoy Day has come and gone once
more. Most of those who didn't
loung about the house went out for
a walk or played some game. A
few did some gardening but has any
one heard of anyone who planted a
tree? Like the flowers that bloomed
in the dead of winter, trees, blossomed
at that festivity season so that
they had nothing to do with the

This is the season of feuds be-
tween cultivators of back-yards. The
Chicago News has a story to tell in this connection.

"Yes," sighed the suburban man
who had just moved in, "at the last
place I had the prettiest row of trees
that ever bloomed, until my
neighbor's chickens scratched them
up."

"And did you kick?" asked his
new acquaintance.

"You bet! I got a big tootie to
lay for his chickens."

"What's this?"

"Well, the next I knew he had
brought a pugnacious bulldog to lay
for my Tom."

"H'm! And did that end the
trouble?"

"Oh, no. I borrowed a wolf from
an animal trainer to kill the bulldog."

"Wat to the knife, eh?" What
was the next chapter in the bitter
feud?

"There was none. I heard that
he was about to purchase a tiger to
kill my wolf and as I couldn't
afford the price of an elephant to
kill his tiger I thought it best to
previse."

We've all read the story at least
a hundred times of the passenger
who, on being told by the conductor
of a slow train that he had
left his gettin' and comin' off the
train at the station at which they were
proceeding, retaliated that his
friends weren't looking for him till
the train arrived. One along the
same line is not related of a trav-
eller who had for some time waited
at a certain English provincial town
in vain for the much over-due train
on the London line. Again he ap-
pealed the solitary station master
and remained for the twin time,
"Isn't that train comin' soon?"

At that moment a dog came trod-
ing up the line, and a glad smile il-
luminated the official's face. "Ah,
yes, sir," replied the porter. "It'll
be gettin' near now. Here comes
the engine driver's dog."

The second day out Bobby was in-
quisitive.

"Pa," he ventured, peering out at
the big waves, "when they say the
ocean is choppy who chops it?"

There was no response from pa,
what was pale and seasin in a big
sounding tone.

Bobby was persistent.

"Pa, when a ship tacks do they
use a hammer?"

Still no response from pa. Bobby
again:

"Pa, what kind of dogs do they
use in the dog watch?"

Pa was more than pa could
stand.

"In the name of Neptune," he said
feebly, "please keep quiet. Can't
you see there is a heavy sea run-
ning?"

There was a long silence.

"Pa?"

"Well, young man?"

"Pa, where is the heavy sea run-
ning?"

And the next moment pa took
Bobby back to show him the ship's
spanker.

It was sentence day in the city
court. A man in the prisoner's
pens who had been sentenced to two
years for treason, began to cry
softly. The big man next him who
was going to serve seven years for
bigamy, said:

"Aw, wotcher snuffin' about?"

"I'm—I'm th-th-thinkin' about
leavin' (sob) my—my family. Leav-
in' my wife."

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me. I
ain't cryin', am I? Am I leavin'
two of 'em?" Everybody's Magazine

"So you tried to drive a sharp
bargain and got cheated again,"
said the Corntassel.

"That's what happened," an-
swered the farmer.

"Maybe you will learn after awhile
that you can't get for nothing."

"No, I can't." But it seems like
the other fellows can."

THE VILLAGE BELIEF.

Under a "Merry Widow" hat

A village maiden stands

The mad a stunning belle is she

With soft and delicate hands

And the prettiest skirt comes from those

hips of hers.

Is the one that pleases man.

Her teeth are pearls, her eyes are stars.

Her face is free from tan;

Her brow has caught of care or toil;

She shucks whatever she can,

And looks the whole world in the face.

(Though she owes her dry goods

man to the hilt.)

The intoxicated individual who,
after lumping into the same tree
thirteen times, bemused the fact
that he was lost in an impenetrable
forest, is in greater disgrace to
modest civilization than the hero
of this story.

A citizen of Seattle who had looked
upon the wine when he was no longer
sure what color it was, in the course
of his journey home encountered a
tree protected by an iron tree
guard. Grasping the bars, he cau-
tiously felt his way round it twice.

"'Cuse it!" he mouned, sinking to
the ground in despair.

The marriage bells have rung their
peal.

The wedding march has told its
story.

I've seen her at the altar, knee'd.

In all her stainless, virgin glory;

She's bound to honor, love, obey,

Come joy or sorrow, tears or
laughter.

I watched her as she rode away,

And thung the lucky slipper after.

She did not wish to make me mourn

She was the kindest of God's creatures;

But blurt was in her womb.

Like brains and queerness in the
Beechers.

I do not fear your heathless flirt

Obtuse her dart and dull her
probe is;

But when girls do not mean to
hurt,

But oh! Orate tunc pro nobis?

A most romantic country place;

The moon at full, the month of
August;

An inland lake across whose face

Played gentle zephyrs, never a
raw gust.

Boots, bonts and horses to enjoy,

The which was all our occupation;

A damsel and a bally boy

There! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,

My pupil she, and I her Chiron;

At home I reveled in her smiles

And read her extracts out of
Byron,

We roamed by moonlight, chose our
stars

Or thought it most authentic biling-

Explored the woods, climbed over
bars,

Smoked cigarettes and broke a
shilling;

An infinitely blissful week

Went by in this Ardenian fashion;

I hesitated long to speak,

But ultimately breathed my pas-
sion;

She said her heart was not her own;

She said she'd love me like a
sister;

I cried a little trott alone;

I begged her not to fret, and
kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in
weight,

A deal of time, and all my spirits,

And much how much I dare not
state;

I mulposed upon that damsel's merits;

She said her heart was not her own;

I wished I never could recover,

I hoped her marriage bells might
toll

A requiem for her faithful lover,

And now she's married, now she
wears

A wedding-ring upon her finger;

And I although it odds appears

Still in the flesh I seem to linger.

Lo, there by swallows, and here

Lies by my side a wedding favor,

Beside it stand a mug of beer,

I taste it how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress

Stand pure and lovely at the altar;

I heard her firm response that
"Yes."

Without a quiver or a falter.

And here I sit and drink to her

Long life and happiness, God bless her!

Now fill again. No heel-taps, sir;

Here's to Success to her success-

sor!

THE SATURDAY NEWS

A Marriage Song

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bars,

Smoked cigarettes and broke a
shilling;

An infinitely blissful week

Went by in this Ardenian fashion;

I hesitated long to speak,

But ultimately breathed my pas-
sion;

She said her heart was not her own;

She said she'd love me like a
sister;

I cried a little trott alone;

I begged her not to fret, and
kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in
weight,

A deal of time, and all my spirits,

And much how much I dare not
state;

I mulposed upon that damsel's merits;

She said her heart was not her own;

I wished I never could recover,

I hoped her marriage bells might
toll

A requiem for her faithful lover,

And now she's married, now she
wears

A wedding-ring upon her finger;

And I although it odds appears

Still in the flesh I seem to linger.

Lo, there by swallows, and here

Lies by my side a wedding favor,

Beside it stand a mug of beer,

I taste it how divine its flavor!

I saw her in her bridal dress

Stand pure and lovely at the altar;

I heard her firm response that
"Yes."

Without a quiver or a falter.

And here I sit and drink to her

Long life and happiness, God bless her!

Now fill again. No heel-taps, sir;

Here's to Success to her success-

sor!

Edward Sanford Martin.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

One life-size morning nearly six
thousand years ago Jutul sat outside

of dear old Eden, whanged his harp
and warbled the following:

"Gentle Spring has come at last,

So keep your furnace fires full
blush."

It was thus that Spring was invented,
also the first Spring poet. But

why Spring should appear to humanity
as a season of romance, no one

who gives this problem serious

thought can imagine.

It was in the Spring that poor

old Adam first had to work, and

from that time on we have had that

feared feeling in the Spring. (See footnote.)

It was also in the Spring that Eve

wearied of her leafy spouse. She

stuck a couple lyre bird tails in one

side, three lots birds in the other,

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA
A Well-equipped Savings Department
Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards).
Interest is added to all balances on last day of January, April, July and October.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our Depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.
Capital, \$4,925,000
Your Savings Account
is solicited.

Rest, \$4,925,000
G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Manager



A WILLOW-PATTERED PLATE.

The last a willow-patterned plate,
The hands that gave it now are dust;
Some heart's break because they must.

Only a willow'd plate, my child;
Tis valueless except to me.
And for that one it beguiled
The might hours when the day is done.

They say that willows stand for tears
Yet her sweet laughter ever rings
Along the solitary years,
And calls of dreams of many things.

Of one curs'd day a word in haste
Was uttered that was false as fast;
She threw her laughter to the waste;
And all her happiness went past.

Ah! weeping willows stand for tears;
And that wee cottage was the home
She hoped for in her swift, short
years.

The while she crossed the bridge
alone.

Only a willow-patterned plate,
With hidden sorrows on one needs,
Like some poor heart made desolate,
Or some fair garden run to seeds.

K. Jerome Coyle, in the London
Sphere.

Art as well as letters I am of the opinion that Canadians have no need to stand aside for anyone.

I believe Miss Campbell is now teaching china decoration along the new lines just outlined, and that she has formed a sketching class, for the study of objects of art drawn from Nature, for present use and to aid in the coming Winter's work. I could, if I had space and time, tell you of some beautiful canvases she has executed, but these as well as her china the public may have an opportunity of viewing on the first Monday of every month at her studio, 285 Eighth street.

Like a ladies' tea-table, a fine
china workshop, for old chinc also
for much that is new, and it be
very, very lovely. Because new
china must have special claims to admiration when it necessarily loses so much in the way of historical and romantic association.

Of Horace Walpole it was once said:

China's the passion of his soul,
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast
Inflame, with joys, or break his rest.

Since seeing Mary Campbell's
china I have religiously, and almost
hourly, broken the coveting com-
mandment.

I suppose every woman loves
china, dainty china, exquisite linen, and
the sundry little appointments that
make her table, a vision of beauty
and a distinction to her home.
I suppose every woman, said Addison
in 1713, "have been play things
for women of all ages. I myself re-
member when there were few chin
vessels to be seen that held more
than a dish of tea."

Time was when it was a proud
household that could boast of
"china, faience" or one "china
bowl," as they are termed in old
Inventorys of the Seventeenth Cen-
tury, and some of them, still
at least, now in a collector's cabinet,
may have once been the sole pride
of its original owner, to be
brought forth on notable occa-
sions in place of the more homely
pewter. But that day was many
many moons ago. To-day we still
see it either in the beauty of its fin-
ess and decoration than in the mere
fact, that it is of what manufacture
it may, is above and beyond all
"china."

From year to year as our
tastes and culture have made rapid
strides, we have come to demand
individuality in the contents of our
china cabinets, but though
that the applied design shall be
evident, must be in harmony and carry out
the form and idea that the pottery
artist had in mind when he formed
the dish on certain lines. It is in
the conception of these intended
uses that Miss Campbell, among
other difficulties, has had to contend.
Not a design but in its every
line, reflects some cunning application
in harmony with the contour
of the ornament under treatment.

On the moment I recall a deep
bowl designed from the long leaves,
flowers, sprays and grouped berries
of the Thimbleberry vine. It is all
in exquisitely applied, dull gold
and Thimbleberry tones, leaves merging
into sprays and at the very bottom,
a shower of the berries themselves, for all the world as if
they had tumbled down and lay in
careless heaps as they fell. Again
there is a tall vase in some wonder
of a design, the base being a pro-
minent winged dragon, designed in
an original manner, towards the
rounding top, the tail being carried
on to accentuate a little quaint
scheme of decoration at the base.

A jug with an applied pitcher
plant design, in indescribably lovely
coloring, with a full green and sort
of bronzed gold handle would make
you mad with envy at first sight.

But Mary Campbell's art is an-
other story altogether, as like the
artist of the picture, she is a
woman, and her particular life,
her aims and objects, life.

To begin with the last, I must be

very brief as regards this, remem-
bering this modest girl's horror
of being personally "written up."

Miss Campbell is a pupil of Mr. F. M.

Gillvary Knowles, the man who was

responsible for the introduction of

applied art in Canada, the Canadian
Association being founded in 1903.

In forming this Association, it has been the encouragement of original design and its individual expression, and this object it promotes by holding exhibitions of original Canadian work by loan exhibits, lectures, and by rendering the literature on the subject of handicraft accessible to those who are interested.

To illustrate how highly Mr. Knowles ranked Miss Campbell's work it is only necessary to add that just previous to her leaving Toronto when he and Mr. G. A. Reid, the artist, were about to take possession of a large suite of studios Mr. Knowles asked Miss Campbell to accept his services as his personal artist devoted to china decoration. This, in connection with the fact that her name appears on the committee of the Association alongside of such artists as Wyly Grier, F. S. Challenor, Gustav Hahn, Miss Strickland Tully, etc., is a guarantee sufficient of Miss Campbell's standing, not only in Edmonton, but in the entire field of art in Canada, and when I say Canada, I might write America, for in

while the variety of cups and saucers, plates and platters, vases and ornaments would fairly bewilder you.

No designs are ever duplicated. Miss Campbell is an artist, and loves her work for the art's sake, not for the money it may bring her.

A whole afternoon I spent exploring her house of butterflies, great peacock eyes, beetles, and other treasures from which she evolves her supremely lovely sketches. Here I learned, too, some of the secrets of her wonderful color effects, and heard something of the fascination that can be found in experimenting with both.

When I asked her if I could copy one of her sketches, I was told, "No, I can't let you do that, but I can tell you about it." I asked her if I could copy one of her sketches, I was told, "No, I can't let you do that, but I can tell you about it."

It is customary with many of us to deplore the fact that out West we lose much in the way of adventures and opportunities for ourselves and our children, that we could obtain in the larger and more cultured centres of the east; which is in part true but again grossly erroneous.

There is a certain literary line, or fixed abiding place, to an artist who happens to be living in Edmonton inferior for that one reason to the man who pitches his tent or studio in New York or Montreal?

To-day I heard a former Toronto

The NORTHERN BANK
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG
Capital Paid Up Rest and Undivided Profits \$1,210,000 \$133,000
Assets \$7,000,000

We place at your service wide knowledge, ample strength and extensive business connections. We cordially invite conservative business and will grant the most favourable terms consistent with sound banking practice.

MONEY ORDERS ISSUED

H. H. RICHARDS, Local Manager, EDMONTON

The Store that sells for the lowest prices

"DOROTHY DODD" OXFORDS

represent the height of perfection in low shoes. Made on the newest lasts, in all the fashionable leathers, and in a fine range of sizes and widths from B to E.

**"DOROTHY DODD"
OXFORDS
\$3.75 TO
\$5.00**



ASK TO SEE THE
NEW
SPRING STYLES
IN
"DOROTHY DODD"
OXFORDS

We are showing the new Spring Styles in "Dorothy Dodd" Oxfords in tan, calf, vicuña, and chocolate kid, gunmetal and patent colt, and patent kid.

If you have never worn the "Dorothy Dodd" shoe for ladies, you do not know what perfect foot comfort is.

We are sole Edmonton Agents for the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe

W. Johnstone Walker & Co.
267 Jasper Avenue E.

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**American Lady Shoe
UNIVERSALLY POPULAR**

**HAMILTON BROWN
LARGEST
WORLD
SHOE CO.**

OUR SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK OF
LADIES' FOOTWEAR
NOW COMPLETE

Also a full line of Misses and Children's Shoes, Oxfords and Slippers

J. H. MORRIS & CO. DEPARTMENTAL STORE
270-276 Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton
PHONE 1201 FREE AND PROMPT DELIVERY

should like to tell you. Of quaint porcelains, bowls, a kid-like chair, would really delight in, of Peter Rabbit in the most enticing brown tones of beautiful monogrammed bread and butter, but all and every you must see to appreciate. Many of the silver lustre and gold effects have never before been shown in the West, and are the very latest production of this branch of art.

Again I come to speak of Miss Campbell. It is customary with many of us to deplore the fact that out West we lose much in the way of adventures and opportunities for ourselves and our children, that we could obtain in the larger and more cultured centres of the east; which is in part true but again grossly erroneous.

There is a certain literary line, or fixed abiding place, to an artist who happens to be living in Edmonton inferior for that one reason to the man who pitches his tent or studio in New York or Montreal?

To-day I heard a former Toronto

Your Garden

is now engaging your attention.

Our Assistance

is necessary to make it a success.

We have an excellent stock of

BEDDING PLANTS

grown from seeds of superior quality.

ASTERs, PANSIES, STOCKS, VERBENAS, &c.

Only 25c. per doz.

GERANIUMS \$2.00 per doz.

WINDOW BOXES made and filled for \$1.00 per foot

HANGING BASKETS from \$1.00 to \$5.00

CABBAGE PLANTS 50c. per 100. CAULIFLOWER \$1.00

Orders are coming in fast

WALTER RAMSAY, Florist

936 VICTORIA AVENUE

Duncan Bros. & Butters**SATURDAY BARGAIN
PROGRAMME**

Every line a bargain

Every line a money saver

| | |
|---|--|
| 1 piece Black Fancy Violets. Regular 75c., now 50c. per yd. | Children's Straw Hats. Regular 35c. to 60c. each, to clear 25c. each |
| 2 pieces Fancy Fancy Mohair. Regular 90c., now 50c. per yd. | 5 pieces Cotton. Regular price 15c., now 12½c. per yd. |
| 2 pieces Fancy Mohair, green and navy. Regular 90c., now 55c. per yd. | 2 pieces Frilled Net for Curtains. Regular 35c., now 20c. per yd. |
| 5 pieces Tucked Grass Linen Low Insertion. Regular 50c. per yd. | Bath Mats. Regular price 85c., now 65c. each |
| 7 pieces Checked Ginghams. Linen finish. Regular 25c., now 20c. per yd. | Children's White Blouses. Regular 15c., now 10c. each |
| 1 piece Fancy Black and White Muslin. Regular 90c., now 60c. per yd. | Nail Brushes. Regular price 10c., now 6c. each |
| 5 pieces Fancy Muslin. Regular 15c., now 10c. per yd. | Hair Brushes. Regular price 35c., now 20c. each |
| 25 Table Cloths. Linen. Regular \$2.00, now \$1.50 each | Superior India Tapes, assorted widths to package. Reg. 15c., now 10c. pair |
| 50 dozen Linen Table Napkins. Regular 15c., now \$1.25 dozen | "Child's Best Friend" giant Combination Suspender and Hose Supporter. Reg. 60c., now 40c. pair |

Table Buttons. Regular price 15c., now 10c. per package.

Quality is our Hobby

DEPARTMENT STORE

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Quality is our Hobby

Our Long Fabric Gloves are the best procurable. You will say this is all our say so, but ask the woman who wears

DENT'S FABRIC GLOVES

*The materials and fit are the best. *We have them in fine qualities of Milano Silk and Lisle. *Colors are black, navy,

white, cream, tans and modes. From \$1.00 to \$2.00

T. S. THOMPSON, 107 Jasper

LADIES' WEAR

woman remark that a friend of her's had been told by Mr. Knowles that he considered Miss Mary Campbell one of the three premier beauties in her particular field. **W. A. STANDELY**

While Miss Campbell is taking a limited number of pupils, her pet object in life is to execute objects of art for the cabinets of collectors, who know and appreciate individual expression in china. Already some of the most modest and most discriminating connoisseurs in Canada and the States, have purchased some of this gifted girl's work, and I think that here in Edmonton we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that we have in our midst as one of us, an artist whose attainments can not fail to reflect honor and fame on Edmonton in particular and the province in general.

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Fredericton
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and can

— A. Standely-By

Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the new British Premier, was once described by Mr. Gladstone as the cleverest young woman he had ever met.

She was the daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, and as Miss Margaret Tennant was known as one of the most brilliant and popular girls of Victorian society. To the world in general Miss Tennant was perhaps familiar as the original from which Mr. Benson modelled the heroine of his imminable "Dodo." Miss Tennant was a great favorite of Mr. Gladstone, who gave her frequent access to his study. However, the famous statesman fully realized the influence a woman may have on her husband's career. On hearing "Dodo's" engagement to Mr. Asquith he wrote: "You have a great and noble work to perform. It is a work far beyond human strength. May the strength be given you to make it stand to you." In no sense can the political circle in which Mr. Asquith moves be described as exclusively Liberal. For instance Mr. Balfour is one of his oldest friends, as is Mr. George Wyndham.

A pretty wedding was celebrated on April 27th at the home of Mr. S. H. Dickson, Winnipeg, when his eldest daughter, Morna Muriel Dickson was united in marriage to Richard Loye Stidson, manager of the Merchants' Bank at Tofield, Alta. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Toronto, an intimate of the groom's family, performed the ceremony. At the appointed hour the groom and his best man, Mr. Heber Stidson, took their places at the altar, woven for the occasion of palms, smilax and Marguerites. Soon after the charming bride entered the drawing room on the arms of her father. Miss Morna was a picture of bridehood. The bride wore her wedding costume, a smart tailor-made of tan panama cloth, made with a pleated skirt and semi-fitting coat with collar and cuffs of tan silk out-lined white soutache braid opening on a dainty blouse of cream net fastened on the kimono lines with bangles and a sprig of all-over filigree lace. With this was worn a becoming "merry widow" hat trimmed with a brown bird and coque feathers which almost concealed the crown with knots of brown velvet arranged across the forehead, and across the groom's gift, a very handsome saffron dunmond ring, and carried a white prayer book. The bridesmaid wore a dainty and becoming gown of white Irish linen inset with Irish crochet lace and medallions. With this was worn a black tulip and carnation rose. She was surrounded of cream roses. At the close of the ceremony an informal reception followed. The table was adorned with bridal roses and lilies of the valley. The handsome wedding cake occupied a side table. Mr. and Mrs. Stidson left the same evening for the West, and will spend their honeymoon in Banff, Calgary, and other points west, and will later take up their residence in Tofield, Alta.

There are now eighty-one lady associates of the Edmonton Golf Club, the names of Mrs. Bradburn, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. McLean, Miss Bates, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Hennwood, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Von Haast, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Murphy, Miss Rhodes, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Shannon, having been added to the list at the last committee meeting.

Mrs. Jack Anderson and Mrs. Gudwin Kirkpatrick will be the hostesses at this Saturday's Golf tea.

There was some talk of the ladies giving a luncheon on the 24th of May for the Monday following when the celebration takes place but on further consideration it was decided to only give luncheons on special occasions as when, for instance, a tournament is on, or a number of visitors are expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Calderon moved into the Hobson residence on Sixth street on Wednesday, having leased it for the summer months.

Mr. Richard Hardisty's engage-
ment to Miss Esther B. Kelly of Chi-
cago, who is at present a guest at the
King Edward, was one of the sur-

prises of the week. Needless to add the groom in prospective is very happy and is the recipient of numerous congratulations and good wishes.

Have you by chance missed any one else who has thoughts along similar lines?

Mrs. D. G. Revell, 1138 Victoria ave., held her last reception for this season on Friday afternoon, when a large number of callers paid their devotions.

I see by the Winnipeg Free Press that Miss Gertrude Simpson entered at a jolly little tea last week in honor of Miss Dorothy James, who is to be an autumn bride, and Miss Beck of Edmonton, Mrs. Dowdney presided over the tea table prettily decorated with red roses.

Miss Beck is at present Mrs. William Strathe's guest but returns in a short while to prepare for her marriage to Mr. Milton Martin on July 2nd, the ceremony taking place in St. Joachim's church, of which both contracting parties are members.

Mr. Martin's sister, who spent last summer with her brother at his camp on 10th street, will return to the city early in June as Mrs. Jack O'Neill Hayes' guest.

Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Calderon had a merry crew at their golf tea on Saturday last, an unusually large number doing a round of the links and later dropping in for a chat and a much appreciated cup of the special beverage. The table was prettily decorated with feathers and flowers, and the refreshments were to die for, and both hostesses were most becomingly frocked. Mrs. Pardee in a tight-fitting tailored grey striped suit, with brown Merry Widow collar, and Mrs. Calderon looking very sweet and attractive in a white flannel suit with touches of black, and a black and white chap.

Quite the jolliest party from the ladies' point of view, that has occurred this season at the Golf Club, was the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Barry, manager of the Edmonton branch of the Bank of Hochelaga. Mr. LaChambre signed the register as witness for his daughter while Mr. Lucien Dubuc acted in similar capacity for Mrs. Barry. Miss Mabel Finn and Mrs. G. E. Barry acted as maid of honor, while Miss Bessie Smith carried the bride's roses. Mr. Paul LaChambre and Mr. Louis Madre were the ushers for the occasion. Rev. Father Naessens performed the ceremony. While it was proceeding, exuberant wedding music was resounding throughout the building.

After a reception at the home of the bride's father, where many

took the opportunity of extending

compliments and best wishes,

Mr. and Mrs. Barry left on a short

wedding trip to Banff and other

points west.

The Curlers' Ball in the Opera House at Strathcona on Wednesday night last week was the most jolly event. The members of the club had decorated the hall with all kinds of trophies of the game and it presented a unique and attractive appearance. The guests were numerous, Strathcona's beauty and gallantry turning out in full force and understanding that the sight to be witnessed when the dancing was at its height was one not soon to be forgotten.

Mr. Cecil Ward of London, England, one of the directors of the Western Canada Land Co., paid a short visit to the Capital last week and was one of the visitors at the Golf Tea on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Richard Secord's handsome home was selected for a jolly little function on Friday week, when ten guests, whose residence in Edmonton for the past few years, entitles them to the proud distinction of being termed "Old-timers," were invited to a luncheon given by the pleasure of recalling many happy gatherings in the quaint little Edmonton that was before the Capital of the West, and after the title of immigration turned westward as it has in the past ten years.

Exquisite yellow roses formed the main decoration of the beautifully appointed luncheon table, while in the conservatory and throughout the spacious rooms were the bouquets of roses. Mrs. Secord was attractively frocked in a Dresden lawn frock, with Val lace and insertion and those who had the pleasure of enjoying this charming luncheon were: Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Mrs. McQueen, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Hardisty, Mrs. Hinsdale, Mrs. Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Durand, Mrs. Mrs. Branton, Mrs. Barfoot, Mrs. Richard, Mrs. Palmer Watt, and Miss Shannon.

The young ladies committee will serve tea at the links on Monday afternoon, May 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale will spend part of the summer holidays at Gull Lake, where they will occupy the Emery's cottage.

A great deal of pleasant anticipation is being indulged in with regard to the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire Bal Poudre, on Friday evening in the Separate School hall.

The floor of the assembly room is an ideal one for dancing, special music has been engaged, there will be any number of pretty partners and gallant cavaliers a smart tone being added by the attendance of the Military-aries in their red coats all in all every factor that can conduce to make the dance the most notable one of the season. Dancing will commence at nine o'clock promptly.

Mrs. Herring Cooper gave one of those charmingly pretty teas on Friday last for which both she and her house have long ago been noted; the guest of honor on this occasion being Mrs. Shanesgreen of Vancouver, whose friends have been giving

Colonel Belcher, C.M.G., and Miss Belcher, and Captain Mackie, D.S.O., and Mrs. Mackie of Winnipeg were the guests at dinner at the home of Major and Mrs. Saunders, when the table was arranged with crimson carnations and fern in cut glass vases, while the lights from many crimson and silver flaxen shaded candles cast a cheerful gleam over all.

Mrs. Saunders was wearing a heavy frock of heliotrope crepe with gold embroidered lace garniture, and amethyst and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Mackie had on an attractive gown of pink flowered organdie with Val lace and insertion, and Miss Belcher was daintily frocked in white embroidered muslin.

Misses Biddle and a number of others of the 1911 Alberta Mounted Rifles and their wives were invited to meet Capt. Mackie and his wife, among them, Major and Madame Thibaudier, Major and Mrs. Jamie Son, Major Paton, Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Hislop, Ven. Archdeacon Gray, Captain and Mrs. Thompson, Lt. Col. Adair and Mrs. Foster Lieutenant and Mrs. Griesbach, Lieutenant Richard Hardisty, Lieutenant Marriott, Lieutenant and Mrs. Jack O'Neill Hayes, Mrs. Jack son, and Mrs. Scarlett Syng, M.D.

Colonel Belcher had an attractive gown of pink flowered organdie with Val lace and insertion, and Miss Belcher was daintily frocked in white embroidered muslin.

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